

SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF SANTA FE COUNTY.

The New Mexican is the oldest newspaper in New Mexico. It is sent to every postoffice in the Territory, and has a large and growing circulation among the intelligent and progressive people of the Southwest.



MOLOCH.

It was a grinning idol of brass that the Phoenicians had set up in their chief cities. On festival days they would build a fire under him until he was red hot and then the Phoenician mothers would bring their prettiest babes and lay them in the arms of the huge metal monster so that the flesh sizzled and only death stilled the shrieks of agony of the little ones. At the same time, the mothers brought offerings to the priests. That was the graft that made the orgies frequent. When a mother protested she was told that Moloch would get the babe anyway if she refused to give it and that in addition he would send drouth or storms, would destroy their crops and ships, and take vengeance otherwise. When husbands and fathers were appealed to, they replied that it would hurt business to put away Moloch; that the priests bought their groceries and their garments in the stores and that it would be a terrible blow to the town to lose their trade. It was better to sacrifice the children than to lose business.

Many American towns, including Santa Fe, have their Moloch to whom the strongest young men and the most beautiful maidens are sacrificed in an endless stream, and when the authorities are asked to throw Moloch on the junk heap, the businessmen rise in anger and declare it would hurt business; that the keepers of Moloch buy their meat, their dry goods, their whisky, their shoes, their bread from local businessmen; that the keepers of the idol subscribe to the local papers and pay promptly, and even give donations to the church, that Moloch would get the young men and young women anyway, for young men and young women can be made virtuous by law, as little as death could be prevented from eventually getting the children or the Phoenicians. Under this ghastly, specious excuse, Moloch is tolerated and permitted to inoculate not only officials with graft but the entire community with filth and disease.

Yesterday forenoon churchgoers were "treated" to the spectacle of two young men besotted with drink, filthy with dirt, seared in body and soul, being dragged up Palace avenue by relatives who had been on their way to mass and had to turn back to get these wrecks of manhood out of the way of the police. One was the son of a mother who had been deserted by her husband on account of drink. She had waited Saturday until midnight for the boy to come home with his week's pay. Instead he offered it at the shrine of Moloch on lower San Francisco street and when the money was gone he was kicked out into the street. The other was a man with a young wife and two babes at home who expected him Saturday evening with the Sunday dinner. Instead, the next forenoon, he arrived home to beat them. That man too, instead of paying his grocery and dry goods bills blew in the week's earnings on lower San Francisco street.

The New Mexican does not want to argue the morals of this sacrifice to Moloch, not even the disease or the filth of it, but merely the bad business of it. The New Mexican knows that those two besotted individuals will never subscribe to the New Mexican, will never have any printing done, knows that if they have credit elsewhere it is credit misplaced, for the bills will never be paid; it knows that there are thousands upon thousands of dollars upon the ledgers of local merchants that will never be taken off, for those who owe them, carry whatever they earn to Moloch and in a few years will not be able to earn anything. The same businessmen must then contribute to keep their families from starving. Does it really pay?

The New Mexican will not argue the question, or press the point that Moloch is reaching out for the boys and girls in your family, and that he is certain to get his tribute from somewhere in your circle of relatives and friends, perhaps even from your hearthstone, but it does insist that those of its own workmen who sacrifice to Moloch are unreliable, do not earn their pay, are shiftless and worthless and make bad citizens in general.

And still there are men and women in this town who argue that Moloch must be tolerated; they are just like the superstitious and benighted mothers who take their babes into the smallpox pest house that their babes might have smallpox early for they are bound to get it anyway.

But other towns are awakening to the fact that the support of Moloch is bad business policy, that it hurts their pocketbooks, leaving aside the question of health and morals. How Albuquerque feels about it appears from yesterday's Albuquerque Morning Journal:

"Upon the stroke of midnight last, the 'Redlight' district of Albuquerque, located for a quarter of a century on North Third street between Copper avenue and Tijeras road, passed out of existence, marking the most radical reform movement since wide open gambling was suppressed in Albuquerque on January 1, 1907.

"The tiger died peacefully in Albuquerque as the result of laws enacted by the legislature. So the red-

light district died without any signs of a struggle, other than a futile attempt to invoke an injunction in behalf of one of the inhabitants of the district. The general order abolishing the redlight district was issued some two weeks ago, following the action of the city council in passing a resolution that the ordinance governing such cases must be complied with.

"Denizens of the district have been quietly leaving the city for various parts of the southwest for the past week. On the El Paso train which left here at 12:20 this morning, there were probably a dozen women, passengers for the Pass City. Included in the party was Leona Grace, who has conducted a house at 222 North Third street for three years. The Grace woman was accompanied by several companions.

"As the result of the abolition of the redlight, it is said four saloons will probably go out of business. Saloon licenses for this quarter, expire at midnight tonight and it will not be known definitely until Monday the number of rum joints that will quit business. It is almost certain, however, that Badaracco's saloon, Third and Tijeras, and Mori's saloon, 213 North Third street, will suspend operations tonight."

How El Paso feels about it, may be gauged from the following editorial in the El Paso Herald:

"Why has not the redlight district been moved? The property owners in the neighborhood of Broadway and Overland streets have everything to gain by enforcing the change. What is holding it back? Is it more of these 'vested rights' we used to hear about? Every man who rents property to be used for these purposes is violating the law and it ought to be possible to purge the heart of the city from this blot."

When will Santa Fe men and women become tired of sacrificing to Moloch?

REAL PROGRESS.

Santa Fe is proud of the evidences of progress and prosperity that are evident on every side and that are being accompanied by an awakening of civic consciousness. There is proof of new hope, new energy, new endeavor that augurs for rapid growth in the future.

For permanent prosperity, however, there must be greater development of local resources. One successful 160 acre farm on the mesa around this city, or even in the Santa Fe valley, will mean more for the future growth of the community than the finest tourist hotel. One hundred years ago there lived more people within the grant limits of Santa Fe than do today; there was three times as much land in cultivation on the Santa Fe river than there is today. One hundred years ago, Santa Fe had no large salary lists that put money from the outside into circulation; there were no large educational institutions supported by money from afar; there were no railroads, no tourists, in fact scarcely any of the means that today bring into Santa Fe a quarter million dollars annually from the outside and yet, there was here more accumulated wealth than today; more families who would be considered rich even according to modern standards than there are today. The reason was that the Santa Fe valley was made to produce; people did not live so much on and from each other but from the products of the soil and the range.

It is to be feared that the new Santa Fe looks too much to the outside for help when all it needs is to develop the sources of wealth that lie at the door. Economical use of the waters of the Santa Fe and additional storage should bring under cultivation in this immediate vicinity three to five times the present area. Each acre that now yields a profit of \$20 or \$30 a year can be made to yield up to \$1,200 a year. It is being done on the western slope of Colorado; to some extent in the lower Pecos valley and also in southern California. It can be done here. Five thousand acres yielding \$1,200 a year would mean an annual income of \$6,000,000, a sum so enormous that one tenth of it is more than is earned by all the people today in Santa Fe.

The mesas and mountains in this vicinity should furnish substance to a million head of cattle, sheep and goats. They would, under proper supervision and in the hands of an enterprising people.

There are ore and coal deposits within a radius of 20 miles of Santa Fe that if they were located in Saxony, or in Wales, or in some other country where individual efficiency and scientific development are the rule, would add to the annual amount of money in circulation many million dollars and give employment to thousands of diligent hands.

Santa Fe waits for outside capital to accomplish wonders. Systematic development along scientific lines and under competent management would do more. Begin to utilize the soil that lies uncultivated, or is cultivated only in slipshod manner; utilize the waters flowing to waste; train the boys and young men to make two blades of grass grow where only one grows today, and all the other things that Santa Fe is working and longing for will

come of their own accord. They always come to those communities which know how and do help themselves.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.
Sacrifice was the keynote of the old, wartime patriotism.

Usefulness and service comprise the new patriotism.

The final test of patriotism is willingness to give one's life for the nation, but it is easier to charge a battery belching fire than it is to attack an entrenched wrong.

It must be an outcast who does not thrill on the nation's birthday at the thought of the brave deeds on its battlefields or at the sight of the Stars and Stripes floating proudly in the breeze. The man or woman who is not stirred by the martial airs that will be played tomorrow must be far on the way to the land of silence.

But thrills and shouting are not patriotism. Not one of the ninety millions who tomorrow celebrate Independence Day may be called upon to prove his patriotism on the battlefield. Providence grant that not one of them need shed his blood to save the nation. Yet, every one has an opportunity to prove his patriotism in a manifest way, even here in Santa Fe.

The man who turns in a false assessment, who does not pay his poll tax or his road tax or other taxes that are justly due, is not a patriot no matter how high he throws his hat when the flag goes by.

The man who fails to observe the law, whether it is a Sunday observance, or an anti-gambling or an automobile ordinance, or who totes a gun, is not a patriot even though he wears a uniform or makes a Fourth of July oration.

The man who does not belong to the chamber of commerce, or some similar organization for the public good or gives some of his time and effort for the advancement of the community, can hardly claim to be a patriot, even though he belong to patriotic orders or though his grand father was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The man who sells his vote for a price, be it money or office or business, is not a patriot, he is a devil-fish. The man who gives no thought to civic righteousness, who has no convictions on political issues, is not a patriot, he is a jelly-fish.

The man who does not go out of his way to do something for the uplift of the community has as little patriotism as the oyster has backbone.

The man who does not plant a tree when he has the opportunity or give a helping hand to some boy who has fallen by the wayside, who does not fight bribery, corruption and vice, has no more patriotism than a dried prune.

Every true patriot is a soldier for the common good; the duties before him may be humble but they are important; they may lack being spectacular but they are necessary, if this nation is to survive.

As long as graft is possible, as long as filth, vice, intemperance, civic ugliness are to be found in Santa Fe that long there are battles for patriotic men and women to fight, battles just as important as Bunker Hill or Gettysburg or Santiago. How many real patriots are there in Santa Fe, how many are merely selfish, lazy, cowardly jingoes and braggarts?

THE MESILLA VALLEY.
The Rio Grande Republican of last Friday was the finest looking and best edited newspaper that has ever come forth from the Mesilla Valley.

Its 24 pages were printed on high grade paper, were artistically illustrated and filled with that kind of reading matter that appeals to the homeseeker and the investor. To Mr. and Mrs. Foster who are new to the newspaper world of southern New Mexico although they won laurels in Raton and Clayton, belongs gratitude and praise. The special edition which was issued in response to Governor Mills' proclamation for Post Card Day finds its keynote in the following beautiful poem by Mrs. Foster.

Mesilla's Valley lies a velvet green Below in her rich fruitage and between

Lie the low hills in loving, soft content, Love of their valley and their mountains blent.

The valley's heart, The Crosses, lies a gem Upon the valley's breast. A diadem

Its old cathedral stands, from out the past Linked with the future and its shadows cast

Across today falls o'er the days to come Crowning stern Commerce with her busy hum.

And over all the turquoise sky bends low, To meet the sea of green where blossoms blow;

And ripened fruitage decks the sturdy trees, And bird songs mingle with the honey bees'

Deep thrum, and gold of oats and shimmering wheat, Poppies adream, and thistles, bow to greet

Sweet Summer as she drapes her tender breast, Where we, like children, sink to quiet rest.

It takes a few days rain to demonstrate to Santa Fe people how much paved streets, crossings and scientifically graded thoroughfares are needed. Gutters are filled with weeds and the surplus water runs over pavements, and covers crossings with mud. Santa Fe has only begun street work but the paving of the south side of the Plaza and of San Francisco street is an object lesson which should be of much value to the taxpayers of the city.

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THE MOULTON-ESPE COMPANY

GENERAL AGENTS, : : : SANTA FE, N. M.

Those who have been singing poems of praise to Francis J. Heney because he cleaned up San Francisco, will be surprised to read in an interview given out by him on Saturday that "San Francisco is the most graft-ridden city in the world. Vice stalks the streets and the municipal rottenness is worse even than just after the fire." Heney, Spreckles and his crowd made the same mistake that would-be reformers have made in Santa Fe; they attacked individuals; they railroaded Abe Ruef and his ilk into the penitentiary, but failed to eradicate the vice that was at the bottom of the graft. Heney now acknowledges that wherever there is a restricted district, wherever there is a toleration of vice, there must of necessity be graft.

It seems all off with statehood at this session of Congress and while it is a disappointment to every loyal New Mexican, things might be worse. Statehood wouldn't bring any better rains than those of the past few days. Statehood could not well give the territory any better Governor or territorial officials than are in office now; it could not give New Mexico a more energetic or efficient representative in Congress than it has now, nor would it bring better crops or make it easier for the average man to earn a dollar, although there are promoters who see pots of gold at the end of the statehood rainbow. And, after all, statehood is certain at the end of June next year.

"We cannot make saloons pay unless we transgress the law," said a frank saloon keeper the other day. This seems to be true, for at Albuquerque four saloons have closed since Saturday because the Red Lights have been extinguished. In Las Vegas one saloon has closed and another one is about to do so because Judge Roberts and District Attorney Ward are seeing to it that the anti-gambling and Sunday laws are observed, the enforcement of which is within the power of every sheriff, district attorney and judge who is determined that the laws shall be enforced as they are written and as they were intended.

Some people have a queer idea about advertising. They imagine that if they advertise ice at the north pole or stoves at the equator they should immediately have big sales. Advertising is intended to create a demand among people who have use for the article advertised, or to divert trade to the businessman where the demand for his wares already exists. That is the whole secret of success in advertising.

The Cuervo Clipper demands that some one else than President Taft be nominated by the Republicans in 1912 because on the day that Taft was inaugurated it stopped raining at Cuervo and it hasn't rained anything to speak of since in that neck of the woods. During the Roosevelt administration, remarks the Clipper, it rained abundantly.

STOCK MARKET WEAK TRADING VERY LIGHT.

Damage to Crops By Heat and Adverse Court Decision Are Blamed for Stagnation.

(By Special Lensed Wire to New Mexican) New York, July 3.—Except for the Erie issues which received staunch support, the stock market was weak during the forenoon. The decline in London gave a heavy tone to the opening which the market seemed to be unable to throw off. The intense heat and the approach of a holiday kept away operators, and trading was dull after the first few minutes.

Reports of further damage to crops from the heat and the decision against the Lehigh Valley in the coal rate case exercised a depressing effect. Declines were extended late in the forenoon. Losses ran between 1 and 2 points for most of the representative stocks, with the Hill and Harriman issues weakest. Bonds were easier.

The market closed steady. Final figures showed losses for the general market leaders of 1 to 1 1/2.

No Chicago grain market, Holiday.

Elgin, Ill., July 2.—Butter firm; output 1,133,000 pounds.

Liverpool, Eng., July 3.—Close-Cotton spot quiet. Prices 6 points lower. American middling fair, 8.47; good middling, 8.15; middling, 7.93; low middling, 7.73; good ordinary, 7.47; ordinary, 7.22.

FOURTH OF JULY FIGHT AT SAN FRANCISCO.

(By Special Lensed Wire to New Mexican) San Francisco, Calif., July 3.—Lightweight Champion Wolgast and Challenger Owen Moran, both trained to the minute for their 20-round fight here tomorrow afternoon, rested today.

Both are under the stipulated weight of 133 pounds at the ringside. The betting odds are 10 to 6 in the champion's favor, with 10 to 5 offered for the minute for their 20-round fight here tomorrow afternoon, rested today.

Middle Aged and Elderly People. Use Foley Kidney Pills for quick and permanent results in all cases of kidney and bladder troubles, and for sale by all druggists.

ALMOST A DISTURBANCE.

The tall individual with the frayed newspaper in his hand approached the pudgy little man in the wilted collar. "My friend, you look intelligent. Tell me which is correct—flee or fly?"

"The little man mopped off the perspiration and glared pitchforks. "Aw, go on! What do you think I know about fleas and flies? Go to some natural history museum, beau."

"Pardon me, but you do not understand. I said flee or fly."

"I know what you said. Do you think I am an insect factory?"

"No, no, my friend! I—"

"Then what do you want to ask me about fleas and flies for?"

"I only thought that you could enlighten me. You have an intelligent face and—"

"An intelligent face? And that's the reason I look like I study bugs, eh? On your way before I bat you on the back."

And then the pudgy little man mopped his collar and wondered whether the tall chap was a lunatic.

POSITION WANTED.



Tramp—Say, lady—
Lady of the House—Well?
Tramp—If I could bark like a dog, would you let me live in a kennel and eat what you gives that pup?

ADVANCED INSURANCE POLICY.

"No," says the man who is being solicited to take out a policy, "I guess I've got about all the insurance I can carry. Looks like a waste of money anyhow to keep sinking it into this game, and have to wait so long for even an endowment policy to mature."

"But we have a new form now," argues the agent.

"What is that?"

"By paying four years' premiums at once you become entitled to an invitation to our fancy dress dinners. Pre-paying the whole term of premiums gives you a season ticket for the speakers' table, also."

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

VERY SLOW.



Higson—A messenger boy has a walk in life.

Digson—Yes; but it's a mighty slow one.

Rare Forbearance.

A splendid epitaph:
"He never stole another's stuff.
"Not even a paragraph."

A Commercial Mystery.

"The man who gets out this tobacco is mighty liberal," said the smoker.

"Hain't been giving you overweight, has he?"

"No. But for a small coin he gives me a beautiful tin box, artistically embossed and decorated in colors, together with a liberal supply of literature and fancy paper. What I don't understand is how he can afford to put in any tobacco."

Fashionable "Growler."

Reid—It is said an annual coat of carriage varnish will improve the appearance of a straw matting suit case and make it waterproof.

Greene—It doesn't matter about the waterproof business. When a man is using a straw matting suitcase to carry home supplies they are usually in bottles or tin cans, anyway.—Yonkers Statesman.

Too Busy.

"Don't be giving me good advice about being industrious. I know a young fellow who came to grief by following such advice."

"How could that be?"

"His father kept advising him all ways to be doing. So he did."

"What did he do?"

"He did everybody he could and then he died time."

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L. A. HUGHES, Vice-President, F. McKANE, Assistant Cashier.

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ROOT BEER, KLONDIKE FIZZ, COCO COLA, * * *

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